



HORBLE SANK AT THE FIRST SHOT.

The Captain of the Northern Light

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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It was a wild March day, and the... The deck of the Northern Light was empty save for the single tall figure of Gregory Cole, captain and owner...

for her, cash and bills," said Gregory. "You can't sell white women," said Horble. "She ain't labor."

table, absolutely spent, and still holding the revolver in his hand. He was shaking in a chill, though the temperature was over 80, and the cabin, when he had first entered it, had seemed to him overpoweringly hot and stifling.

would have kissed her. "Greg, you must not! I'm married. It's all different now." He tried to put his arms around her, but she pushed him fiercely back. Her eyes were flashing and her bosom rose and fell.

him. But the moment of her madness had passed. He sat down on the rail instead, his eyes defying hers. She stepped aft, and his heart stood still as she seemed on the point of descending the companion. But she had another purpose in mind. Throwing aside the gaskets, she stripped the sail covers off the mainmast and began with practiced hands to reef down to the third reef. Then she went forward and did the same to the forestaysail.



"Get into Your Boat."



Where's Madge.